The Sketch

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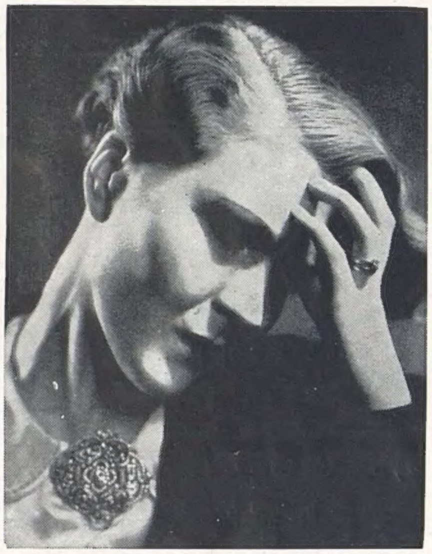
"MY HEAD'S HAMMERING AWAY
—be an angel and bring down the HOWARDS"



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The Sketch

No. 2507—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

TRANSPOSING MYRNA LOY AND MELVYN DOUGLAS.

Like the funny post-cards one used to find at the seaside, someone has put MYRNA LOY'S *head on to* MELVYN DOUGLAS'S *shoulders, and vice-versa in this tandem montage. These two stars have joined forces in the new M.-G.-M. picture, "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Empire; February 14). As editor of a fashion magazine Myrna meets Melvyn, who's an artist, and spoils a picture deal for him. In the way of films, this draws them antagonistically together, and the title of the picture is pointer for the finish.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Pain and Counterpane. It was R.L.S., was it not, who wrote of the "Pleasant Land of Counterpane"? He had plenty of experience of it himself, poor man, being for long periods a prisoner in his bed "like a weevil in a biscuit," as he says in one of his letters. Well, thanks to the usual January epidemic, which always does so much to brighten the British New Year, a good many of his Majesty's lieges are now paying a visit to this Land of Counterpane; and the present unworthy scribe is one of them. It *does* seem a pleasant land at first. The doctor is the only man who can give us what we all long for sometimes—a "holiday in bed" with a clear conscience.

"Confound it! Jenkins has left my sugar in another suit."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

A muzzled telephone; banishment of secretaries and typists; repudiation of responsibility; putting off till to-morrow what can't be done to-day; some light reading and some heavy sleeping; security in one's fortress and utter indifference to what the elements are doing outside; all these are well worth a substantial doctor's fee, and *almost* worth the stuff he prescribes for you. Even a temperature has its compensations; it produces a sort of half-drugged drowsiness, a kind of "slightly-tightness," which is not an altogether unpleasant state of mind and body. There is much to be said for semi-coma as a form of relaxation, though I hesitate to recommend it as a permanent condition.

Take Up Thy Bed. But *tout casse* and *tout passe*, and it must be recorded in sorrow that the Land of Counterpane soon begins to lose its charm. There are limits to "making the mind a blank" and to the dubious pleasures of muzziness. Say what you will, it is impossible to get into a really comfortable position for eating a meal in bed; and anyhow, the meal never *is* a meal, somehow—it's just something on a tray which was, and then quickly is no more, and which may be very nourishing but never really tastes like food. Things *will* spill and slop over, and there are crumbs. There is no known position in bed in which one can write comfortably, as I am finding at this moment. Reading palls, and Miss Milligan (if she will not misunderstand me) has her limitations as a bedroom companion. Besides, it is all very well to put off till to-morrow, but all the time there is a haunting and a growing sense that the accumulations are mounting up, and that to-morrow will not be a lovely day. All of which means that some people are never satisfied! Perhaps it is just as well, for this Divine Unrest is a more rapid cure than drugs and potions, and, but for its healing properties, some of us might remain permanent denizens of Counterpaneland!

A New Horror of War. It is an eternal comedy how differently the hardship of war strike different people. Some, like "Beachcomber," find that they are "allergic to high-explosive bombs," some don't like short rations, some are bothered about the future of a crazy world, some are worried about finance, and so on—there's a large choice of anxieties to draw upon in time of war if you are of an anxious turn of mind! But the other day I came across the most original form of worry that I have yet encountered. I haven't a very large acquaintance among monks, but I happened to meet one at luncheon not long ago, and a very charming, intelligent and admirable person he was. He was working right in the thick of the *Blitz*, and I asked him whether he did not sometimes find it rather a strain. "Not really," he said, with quite convincing sincerity, "except for one thing, which worries me all the time." "And what is that?" I asked, expecting some profound psychological revelation. "My teeth!" he said. Somewhat taken aback, I asked him to explain. "Well, you see," he said, "I am vowed to poverty. Some time ago, I had to have all my teeth taken out. Having no money, I couldn't possibly have got my Upper and Lower if a kind friend had not paid for them. If they were destroyed or lost in a raid, I don't see how I could possibly get any more—and I *must* eat, you know! And so, whenever the bombs begin to fall near, I'm in quite a panic about them, and I'm very much ashamed of myself!" I envied that man his simplicity of soul. He seemed to me to be one who had cast out fear. And I cannot believe that if any harm ever *did* happen to those dentures, the ravens would not provide new ones of pure gold!

Strangers' Gallery. Mr. Wendell Willkie certainly "got around" over here. He even took to darts—and very right, too, if he wanted to understand some of the more curious tribal customs of the British race. What a pity there were no cricket matches for him to see! *That* might have tested him! I think he must have found his day at the House of Commons particularly instructive. He may not have heard the oratory of a full-dress debate on some great State occasion, but he witnessed the Mother of Parliaments doing two extremely characteristic things. He saw it sadly and reluctantly, but inexorably passing the inevitable sentence upon a Member who had been found wanting in its standard of conduct; and, although we might have wished him to be present in our Legislature on a less painful occasion, he cannot have failed to note how high that standard was and how jealously it is maintained. And then he heard a protest, in dignified terms, from a small group of Members, whose sincerity was no more in question than their right to raise their voices, against the suppression of a newspaper which threatened the unity of the national effort. He must have wondered whether in any other assembly those Members could have made their protest in time of war without themselves affronting authority and risking penalty, and he may perhaps have felt that democracy is not quite dead in England, even in the hour of her greatest trial.

"Have you worked out the mathematical odds against a direct hit yet?"

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

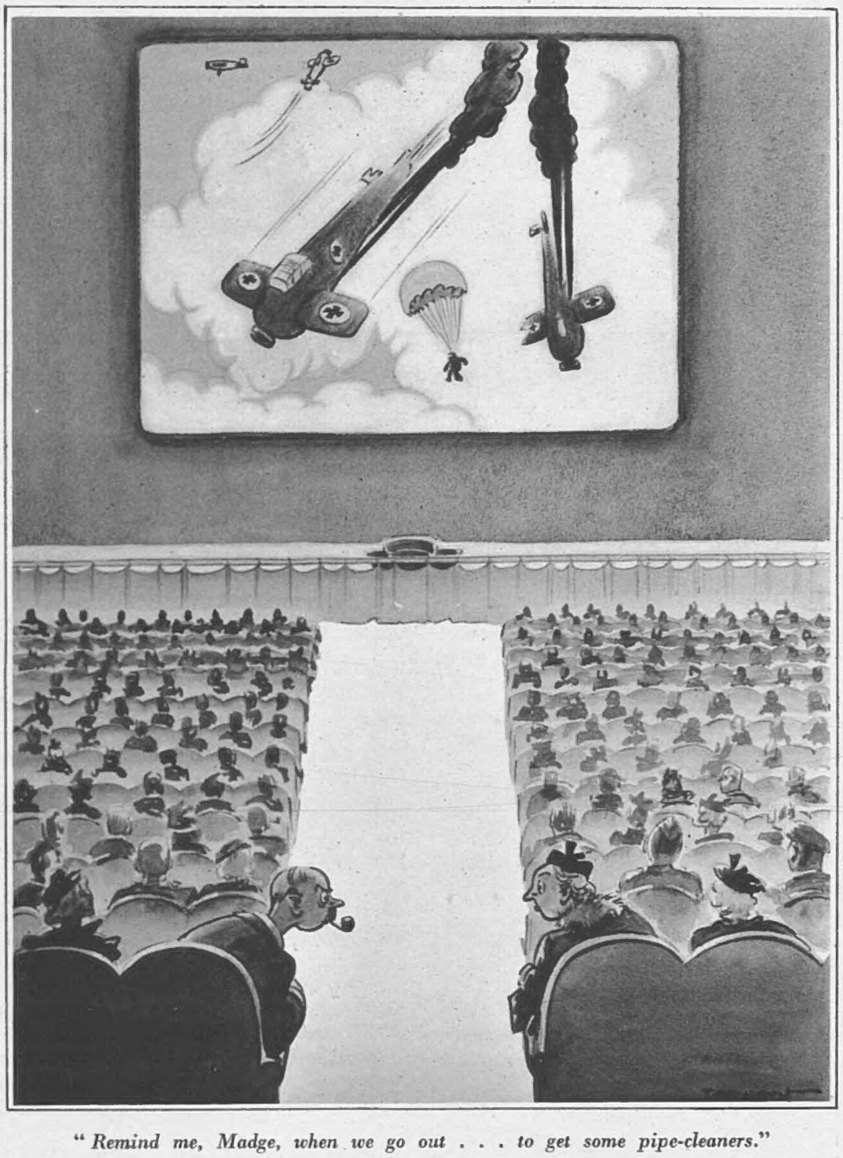
Muzzle and Puzzle. This is not the place for partisan opinions, and I express none in commenting on the suspension of the *Daily Worker*. There is a feeling of uneasiness in England when a newspaper, of whatever kind, is suppressed, so fundamental a part of our constitutional ideas has "freedom of the Press" become. Well, great battles have been fought over that issue in our history, and it is not so very long ago since they were raging. It is difficult for us nowadays to realise that there was a time when it was a breach of privilege even to publish reports of debates in Parliament, much less to comment on the conduct of the Government; and the principle was carried so far that it was not even permissible to publish reports of legal cases decided by the House of Lords. To-day, the sacred doctrine is that print must be as free as speech—subject, however, to one very powerful restriction, which is the English law of libel, the most severe in the world. It is to a Frenchman that we owe the classic declaration of the principle. "I detest," said Voltaire, "every sentiment you utter, but I will defend to the death your right to utter it." A fine Voltairean attitude has been struck by those who denounce the suspension of the *Daily Worker*.

With a Great Price.

One argument which has been used in this controversy is the dire results which followed the suppression of newspaper opinion in France. I should have thought that French democracy, in these last sad years, has suffered from too much cold (and hot) print, rather than too little of it. But alas! print in France has not been "free"; it has been what is called "inspired." The power which has inspired it has been, in plain terms, money. Is not that a danger also which a nation at war has to watch? There is nothing more expensive, in the long run, than "free" speech which is bought and sold. Truly with a great price is this freedom sometimes bought.

Gone to the Dogs.

But indeed the sanctity of liberty is always appealed to whenever we are called on to do anything which we do not happen to like. Listen to the following melancholy and indignant tones about a terrible threat to the right of privacy. "Private affairs must be divulged, private feelings outraged—malicious curiosity gratified—poor, shrinking pride, be it never so honest, humbled and put to the blush—deceit and the meanness of petty trickery encouraged in evasion—and much appalling immorality spread with the abandonment of truth. Many a gentleman will sicken over the forms he has to bear with; and many a tradesman will become either ruined or a rogue." What outrage, what infamous act of tyranny called forth this jeremiad? It is a contemporary newspaper comment on the introduction, in 1842, of an income tax of 7d. in the £! I have extracted it from that admirable book "English Saga," by Mr. Arthur Bryant, who observes that the tax "was regarded as an almost intolerable inquisition which struck at the freedom and privacy of every respectable Englishman." All that for 7d., how much for 8s. 6d.? The amount of "malicious curiosity," "petty trickery" and "appalling immorality" must now have reached astronomical proportions—but the State staggers on somehow. And yet this was not an entirely false prophecy. "Many a gentleman will sicken over the forms he has to bear with"—that seems to be as true in 1941 as it was in 1842!



"Remind me, Madge, when we go out . . . to get some pipe-cleaners."

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

Juggernaut. There were 500 casualties at the taking of Bardia. There were 1313 deaths on the highways in England in December. As if proud of its running true to form, the unlucky number repeats itself. All the frightfulness that the enemy could rain down on us last November killed only four times as many persons as the internal-combustion engine accounted for in the same period. Of the total number sacrificed to Juggernaut in December, more than 60 per cent. lost their lives in the black-out. When will pedestrians learn that unless they are either phosphorescent or clad in white raiment, they are practically invisible to the motorist in a black-out? We are singularly helpless about all this needless slaughter; the Minister of Transport may plead or may scold, but everybody seems to be as resigned to the unnecessary loss of a thousand lives a month as to some inevitable process of nature, like an earthquake. Such is the price of civilisation—the more machines, the fewer lives. Blood is thicker than petrol, but it is cheaper.

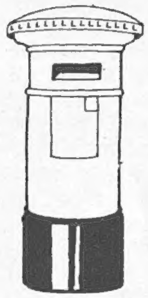
Put Out that Light!

And yet, while there is not enough light from wartime headlights to prevent general slaughter, I venture to complain, inconsistently, that there is too much light from them for national security. Ask any Air Raid Warden! Conscientiously obeying his instructions about "total exclusion of light," he plods round, night after night, in all weathers, making life a burden to his neighbours and waging war on ill-drawn curtains and "inadequate material," on those incorrigible offenders, chinks and streaks, and on many other sins of omission and commission. He pleads with the careless, reasons with the unreasonable, exhorts the slack and chides the refractory. Again and again he is met with the plaint: "You haul me out of bed to cover up a little chink—just look at that car standing there, lighting up the whole street!" To this he has no repartee except the unsatisfactory one that two wrongs do not make a right, and that it is not wrong, anyhow, for a motor-car to light up a whole street, since official wisdom permits it to do so. He might add that to the eyes (possibly jaundiced) of an Air Raid Warden the headlights of many cars, hooded though they may be, look like the beams of searchlights, and that on a wet road a procession of such beams seems to be a positive invitation to "enemy action." Are we, then (you may ask), to make the black-out casualties even worse than they are? I hope not; but I am convinced that there are far more cars illuminating the roads than there need be, that large numbers of them disregard the regulations, and that so long as they do so, they make nonsense of all our black-out precautions.

Rats! If, while sitting quietly by your fireside, you were to see a green mouse scampering gaily across the floor, it would not, I imagine, add to your peace of mind, and it might even send you in haste to a specialist. Brace yourself up! You might have to face this ordeal at any moment. A country rector, after fifty years of patient effort, has bred a green mouse. I seem to remember something in the Classics about the mountains giving birth to a ridiculous mouse, but not even the mountains have yet attempted the green variety. The same naturalist claims to have produced an apricot-coloured vole, which he admits is practically the same as a pink rat. "I keep snakes in my study," he says. He prayeth best who loveth best, and all that, but green mice, pink rats, and snakes in the study—well, I mean to say, what about some purple bats in the belfry?

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We are going to keep five hens. This news will surprise you a good deal, knowing as you do Charles's peculiar phobia about touching birds of any kind, and my deep affection for ducks.

The desperate venture has been forced upon us by our newly-acquired Lodger, who used to be a fellow art-student of mine somewhere about the Regency period, and has come to live in our attics.

She used to live in Birmingham, and when she wrote to say that she found the air-raid shelter lonely now her husband had joined the R.A.F., and shopping was difficult as there always seemed to be a time-bomb outside the grocer's, Charles and I looked at each other and said, "The Attics."

You see, we have felt for some time that we ought to offer our attics to the Bombed, but she is practically the only person we know who is small enough to stand upright in them without bumping the head. We wrote a tentative invitation, received an ecstatic telegram in reply, and shortly afterwards the Lodger arrived with a vanful of furniture.

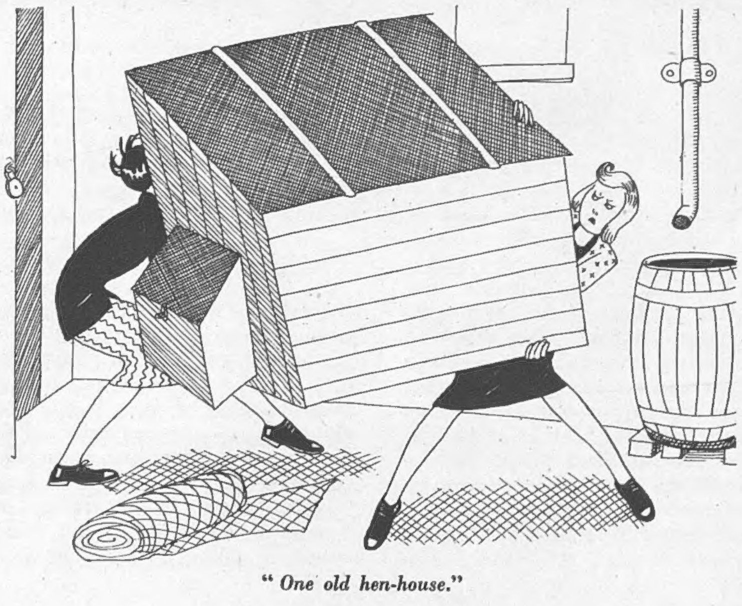
"When we used to go about dirty and untidy."

And there she is, living a secret, mouse-like life, cooking on an electric griller, and creeping down between Matins' exit and Evensong's entrance to wash a few tiny dishes in our sink. She has the same passion for privacy as I have, and we bow gravely to each other when we meet on the stairs, and only visit each other after receiving written invitations.

I must say I enjoy visiting the Lodger. There is something very piquant about sitting comfortably and romantically in what used to be your box-room. The electric radiator (installed by Lodger) gives out a fierce heat very much to my liking, and we talk of the old days when we used to go about dirty and untidy because we felt that otherwise we would never make our mark in the world of Art.

The only flaw in this admirable arrangement is that the woman insists upon being grateful. Why? She has made our attics look lovely, and is prepared to cope with incendiary bombs, so surely it is we who should be grateful to her.

And that brings me to the hens, for it is the Lodger who is going to keep them. She seemed to want to do something to help us and impede Hitler, so we gave her the Bad Bit at the bottom of the garden. The gardener was annoyed, of course, as gardeners always are, and said he was about to dig it up for potatoes, but as he has been saying that for years, we didn't take any notice, and any morning now the Lodger can be seen staggering down the garden path with a hoe several sizes too large for her, and a few days ago she came to us with a light in her eye and said, "Hens."



"One old hen-house."

"I hate hens," said Charles hysterically. "I can't bear touching them!"

"You won't have to touch them," said the Lodger, with a steely look; "and you know you like an egg for your breakfast."

"Who's going to shut them up at night?" said Charles.

"We'll take it in turns," I said, being definitely in the hen camp and burning to give them our scraps.

"And supposing you have one of your coughs?" said Charles fretfully.

"Then *I* shall shut them up *every* night," said the Lodger.

"Well, if you must, you must," said Charles, "but I intend to offer nothing but destructive criticism."

This is as far as we have got up till now:
One roll of wire-netting, obtained with incredible difficulty.
One old hen-house, obtained with less difficulty from Faith's loft.
Destructive criticism from Charles.

Still more destructive criticism from the gardener, who is incensed because the Lodger has succeeded in clearing quite a large patch of bindweed from the bottom of the garden.

Advice from Matins, who says hens like their scraps hot.
Advice from Evensong, who says they like them cold.
Advice from Colonel Simpkins, who says we must get a Government grant for their food, but fails to specify how.
Advice from Lady B. "My dear, *don't*. They darken your whole life."
Advice from Mrs. Savernack. "Five? Good heavens! I keep fifty!" (But she doesn't look after them herself.)

Stated preference by the Lodger for White Leghorns.
Stated preference by Henrietta for Rhode Island Reds, because she likes the name better, Leghorn reminding her of a popinjay-ish hat she was forced to wear as a child.
Anyway, I wish they were ducks.

"Staggering down the garden path."

I keep on being sorry for the Evacuated Mothers—all this winter with no excitement. And apparently it is quite impossible to arrange any sort of entertainment for them, because the Soldiery has got all the Halls. More and more mothers keep on arriving, and you hear nothing but Cockney in the Street nowadays.

When Charles came in last night, hung his hat up in the hall, and said, "How be yu, my dear? Pretty peart, seemingly?" it was like music in my ears.

"Charles," I said, "what has happened to the Devonians?"

"Cowering in their homes, probably," said Charles.

"Nonsense," I said. "It takes more than a few hundred Londoners to make Devonians cower."

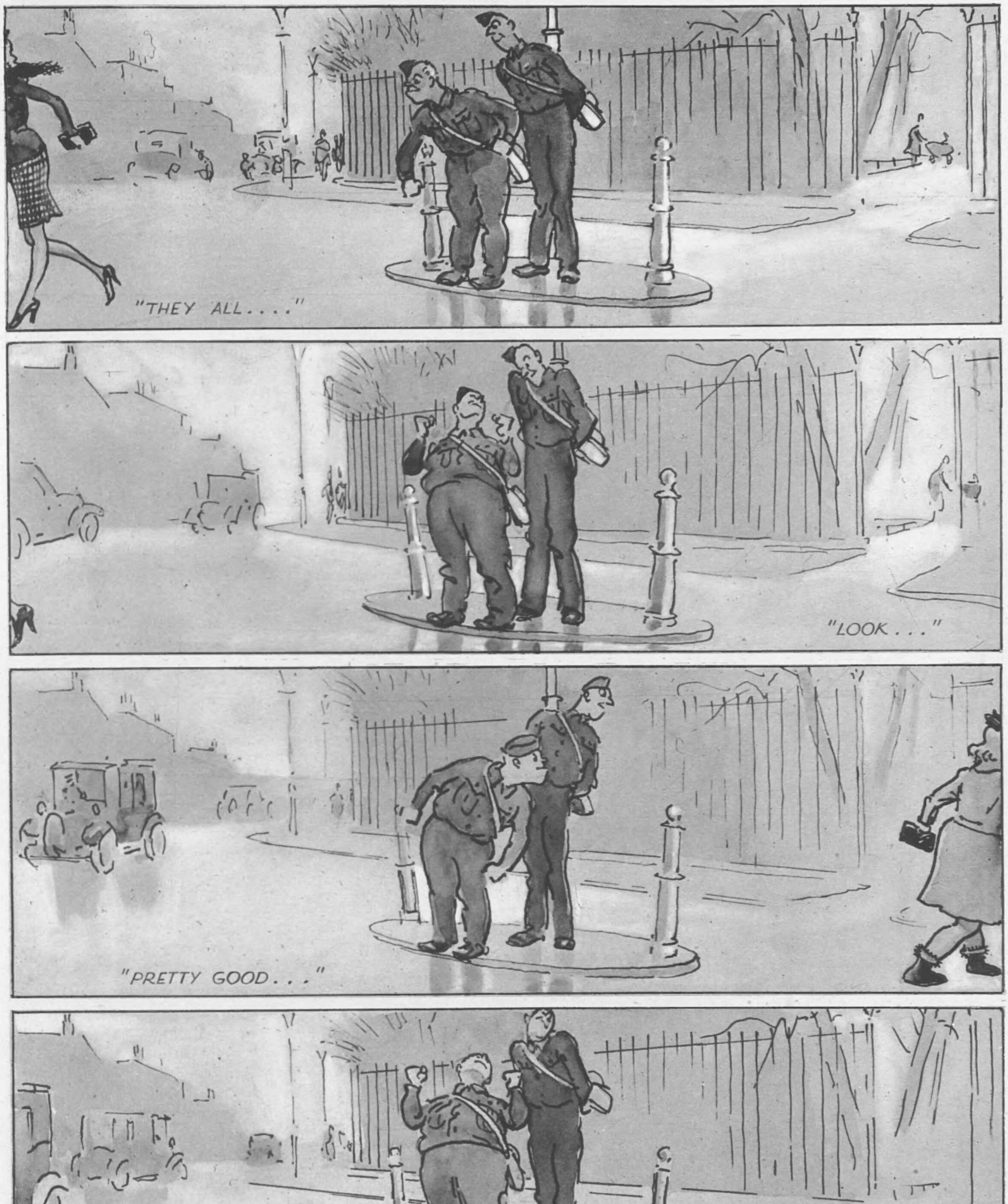
"Assimilated, perhaps," said Charles.

"Speaking as one Devonian to another, now *is* that likely?"

Charles thought for a moment. "Perhaps they persuade the Evacuees to go out and do their shopping for them," he said.

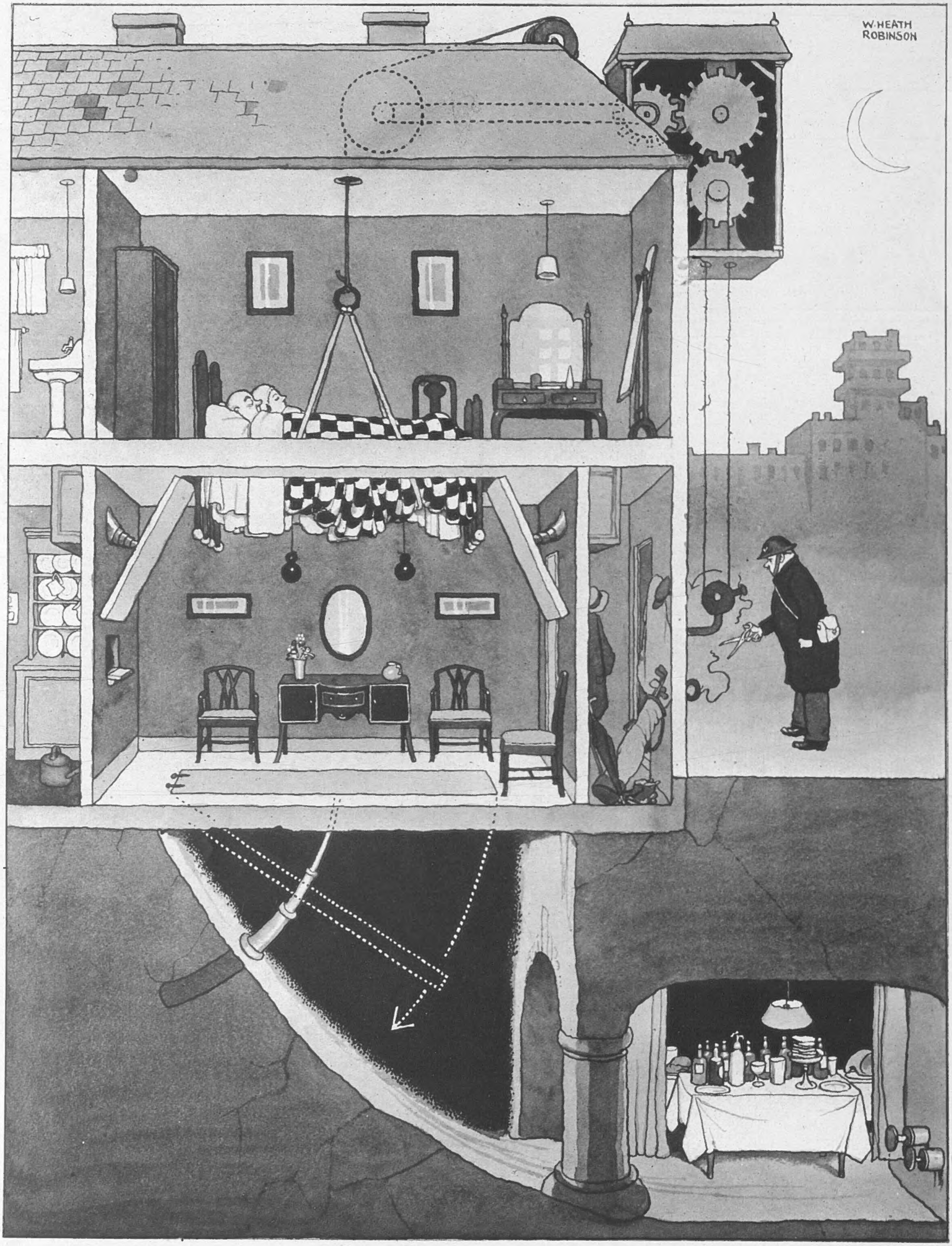
"Ah," I said. "Now you're talking."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.



ENGLAND "GOES TO IT."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



FROM BEDROOM TO SHELTER IN ONE.

W. Heath Robinson's ingenuity has now been set working in the cause of good nights! Here's his device to insure peace, in spite of the Luftwaffe. All you have to do is to get a kindly Warden to set the machinery in motion, and you swing from bedroom to shelter in one hardly perceptible movement.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

SUSSEX VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS.

MRS. JOHN DEWAR, *wife of Mr. J. A. Dewar, the race-horse owner and sportsman, holds the important post of Vice-President for Sussex of the British Red Cross. Her delightful country house, scene of many peace-time parties and entertainments, has been transformed into a convalescent home for officers, and she has also opened a club for officers in the vicinity. A weekly dance and two concerts a month are held there, and are much appreciated by the members, who include the patients from the convalescent hospital. The artists, who give their services free, include many distinguished singers and entertainers.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

DIRECTOR Anthony Asquith, an easy winner last week with " Freedom Radio," has pulled off a classic double with this week's " QUIET WEDDING" (Plaza). His many friends—and everyone who knows him, everyone who has ever worked with him, is his friend—will say, " But of course. How nice." They won't be surprised. One expects distinction in his chosen work from Tony Asquith, or " Puffin," as he is oddly known to a certain circle of intimates. If ever a man has earned distinction, he has. He makes films because he likes them, but there is nothing precious or amateurish about his work. He has taken the trouble to learn the job from A to Z. He is clever enough to know that other people are clever too. He is big enough to defer to others without losing face. His films are unit jobs, and his units are contented units. He earns every penny of his salary.

" Quiet Wedding," although it was made in a British studio, in wartime, between alerts, has an unstrained atmosphere that sets you at your ease at once. Everyone in the huge cast, you feel, is enjoying himself or herself. There is no flinging about of star temperaments. Practically everybody in the cast is a star, yet the whole thing has an easy communal give-and-take. Like the wedding group that marks the climax, it 's a group picture.

Story ? Well, there 's very little. It is just an account of the good-natured fuss and interference that preludes every normal, peacetime wedding among nice people. Janet Royd (Margaret Lockwood) and Dallas Chaytor (Derek Farr) are engaged, and in love, and it 's to be a quiet village wedding, perfectly simple. . . . Or so they imagine, in their innocence, and in the bloom of their first idyll.

But Janet has a father (A. E. Matthews), and a mother (Marjorie Fielding), and aunts (Athene Seyler and Jean Cadell), and brothers (David Tomlinson and Sidney King), and a sister (Margaretta Scott), and a brother-in-law (Michael Shepley), not to mention a host of well-meaning friends and neighbours. In the resulting whirl of social preparations, dress - fittings, culinary problems, advice, present-giving, gossip, thank-you-for-the - flowers, and general bonhomie, the young couple are reduced to a mass of nerves. They almost hate the sight of one another. They fly at each other's throats at the wedding rehearsal. They 'd throw the whole thing up for twopence. . . . Of course, in the end they become Mr. and Mrs. Chaytor, ever so nice, with orange-blossoms, a lovely wedding. Witty, charming, civilised and — thank the Lord — non-polemic, this is part of everyone's experience, which cuts deep and rings true.

The first romantic scene of Universal's " Back Street " puts CHARLES BOYER *and* MARGARET SULLAVAN *all among the hay. This is the first time these two stars have appeared together, and they bring to the screen famous American novelist Fannie Hurst's best-seller love-story. The film, now in course of production, marks the début of Bruce Manning, noted screen writer, as a producer.*

To have MARLENE DIETRICH *starring in a film under* RENÉ CLAIR'S *direction gives us something to talk about. Here they are with* JOE PASTERNAK, *looking over the script of their new Universal production, " Countess of New Orleans." Remembering the starless realism of the French director's films, the best-known being " Sous les Toits de Paris," one feels this may be an ideal partnership. Clair is making his first Hollywood picture with Marlene, while Pasternak guided the star through her recent successes, " Destry Rides Again " and " Seven Sinners." The new film will shortly come to London.*

" THE MARK OF ZORRO " (Odeon) deals with things that may have been serious to the late Californian peons, but, so far as we are concerned, merely represent a pleasant romantic convention. Cloak-and-rapier stuff, this is, and very nice too, with some classic fencing. If your picture-going dates back to the old silent days, you may remember how Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, dealt with the same situation in 1920. His was the more robust and acrobatic version. As a sort of Californian Robin Hood, who made things too hot for the Spanish oppressors, he vaulted balconies, slid down curtains, carved his emblematic " Z " in human flesh with the greatest gusto and good nature. Tyrone Power, the present incumbent of the rôle, is what his director describes as " a smoother operator." He relies rather on " Machiavellian cleverness " for his results, and that moral watchdog, the Hays Office, has insisted on transferring the " Z "- mark from flesh to furnishing. Just one little " Z " on a man's chest, no more, and the rest of the autographs on walls and tapestry. It 's a sad handicap, I can't help feeling, for such a dashing adventurer as Zorro, but there, there, it seems little boys *will* copy all they see.

Tyrone Power, who is a more reliable actor, I have often thought, than his slim good looks will give him credit for, has not one, but two characterisations to give in this picture. As a young grandee from Madrid, who returns to his father's Californian hacienda (*circa* 1820) to find a shocking state of oppression amongst the locals, he conceives the idea of saving them by a Jekyll-and-Hyde performance. A sycophantic dandy by day, he becomes a masked bandit by night, the idol of bright-eyed Miss Linda Darnell and the terror of the countryside. His *aide* in this masquerade is the genial Eugene Pallette, his foe the sinister Basil Rathbone. The high spot of the film is a brilliantly managed Power - Rathbone duel. I thought Mr. Rathbone would never fight a better screen duel than the one with Errol Flynn in " Captain Blood," that running fight by the seashore, but it seems that I was wrong.

Back to the war again, and our own times, with " OLD BILL AND SON " (New Gallery). Or, at least, not quite to our own times, for this war comedy is largely set in France, at a date last year which now seems as remote as the most pioneer days of pioneer California. The rough idea of the film is to show the conflicting ideas and the common ideals of the old sweats of the last war and the mechanised army of this one. Old Bill (Morland Graham), taken over lock, moustache and barrel from the Bruce Bairnsfather cartoons, now has a son, Young Bill (John Mills). Young Bill gets easily and jauntily into the regular army. Old Bill parks his decrepit taxi and wangles his way into the Pioneer Corps. The ladies of the family, Mother (Mary Clare) and adopted daughter (Rene Ray), also climb into uniform, which may be, perhaps, why Young Bill casts a roving eye on a particularly feminine bit in France, the estaminet-keeper's daughter (Janine Darcey).

Young Bill 's a good lad though, at heart a chip of the old block. He loves his A.T.S. girl really, through thick and thin. Old Bill 's a stout lad, too, although a scrounger, and goes out into No Man's Land to save Young Bill—who doesn't need a bit of saving—as coolly as he 'd drive a toff in his taxicab to a luxury hotel. The whole thing is cheery, competent, and Cockney. It 's not the picture's fault that the times have rather passed it by.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS MARY CHURCHILL, for carrying Lady Randolph Churchill's torch of beauty into the third generation.

MISS MARY CHURCHILL, *youngest daughter of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill, was born in 1922, and has already taken on public duties, for she opened the Westerham War Weapons Week, and is here seen making her speech from an al fresco platform. She is a charming brunette, and her type of looks recalls that of her grandmother, the late Lady Randolph Churchill, celebrated beauty of the Victorian Era, and one of the famous Jerome sisters, who married respectively Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir John Leslie of Glaslough, and Mr. Moreton Frewen, of Brede Place, Sussex. On this page we give (inset) a portrait of Lady Randolph Churchill, as she was at the height of her beauty. It indicates the striking likeness.*

GEE JAY, *a new comedian for the new ENSA REVUE, "You 're Welcome," does his stuff with the drummer.*

A comedy number in rehearsal in the foreground, while, in the background, girls run over the steps of another item.

LESLIE FRENCH, *as an ex-ballerina emerging from retirement, in the wings with* BRENDA BRUCE, ERROL ADDISON *(between them), and* SYLVIA *(r.).*

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS, *controller of ENSA, sits in Sheridan's room. He has his eye on every show, and keeps up a flow of Sheridan-like wit.*

BRENDA BRUCE, *leading lady for "You 're Welcome," and future West End star, tries to keep warm in the wings, with fur gloves and fur coat.*

LESLIE FRENCH, *as a Great Dictator, rehearses his dance with the dance producer,* MISS WALTON, *looking on. Meanwhile the photographer butts in for a pictorial record.*

AN ARTIST VIEWS AN OFFICIAL ENSA SHOW IN REHEARSAL.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, one of the oldest and most famous playhouses in the world, is, during wartime, catering for the entertainment of vaster audiences than ever. Though closed to the public, it is the H.Q. of the NAAFI Entertainments Branch, usually known as ENSA. Shows are rehearsed, scenery is built, costumes are made, and, indeed, all entertainments for the Forces are manufactured there. Topolski, the brilliant Polish artist, has recorded his impressions of rehearsals of Archie de Bear's new revue for the Forces, "You 're Welcome," on this and the following page.

DRAWINGS BY TOPOLSKI.

Left:
Watching a rehearsal from the stalls of Drury Lane. MISS TAYLOR, *secretary;* MISS NINA WALTON, *dance producer; and* MR. ARCHIE DE BEAR, *producer (l. to r.).*

Right:
The "Paint Frame," where scenery for Drury Lane shows has been painted for centuries. To-day, the scale is smaller, as the scenes have to fit Garrison theatres.

The Alert sounds, and work goes on—but the Chief Air-Raid Warden is there to take charge, equipped and watchful. He is W. MACQUEEN-POPE, *now publicity officer for ENSA.*

The Property Room. Not only are all the "props" for the shows manufactured there, but hand-written bills and advertising matter are prepared.

MAURICE KASKET *(with violin) and his band rehearsing at close quarters with the dancers on the stage.* ARCHIE DE BEAR *is on the left, and* GWEN NELSON *is singing.*

The Chorus make-up in the famous Green Room where Macklin once killed a brother-actor. They use Garrick's own mirror, which still hangs on the wall.

OLD DRURY IN WARTIME: MANUFACTURING FORCES' ENTERTAINMENTS.

These back-stage and rehearsal pictures of Drury Lane Theatre in wartime are of exceptional interest, and recall the historic associations of the theatre, for the chorus-girls of "You 're Welcome," the snappy new revue which has just opened in Garrison theatres, make-up at the mirror in which Garrick always took a final glance at himself, and the "Paint Frame" and Property Rooms are classic. Mr. MacQueen-Pope, publicity officer for ENSA, comes of a family whose Drury Lane connection goes back for two hundred years. Mr. Archie de Bear, famous producer, is responsible for "You 're Welcome."

DRAWINGS BY TOPOLSKI.

HOW LIFE STILL GOES ON IN WARTIME:

This Pomeranian is posed among the balls of wool provided by combings from pet dogs spun into yarn by Highland crofters, to be knitted up into comforts for the fighting forces.

At Cheltenham Races MRS. GEORGE BRODERICK wore leopard-skin shoes. She is with MISS CAROLE HOUSTOUN.

MISS ANN JONES and MISS RACHAEL STUDD went together to Cheltenham Races.

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY, formerly Margaret Whigham, with her children, FRANCES HELEN and baby BRIAN CHARLES.

MRS. FULKE WALWYN, daughter of Major Carlos Clarke, looked ravishingly pretty in a checked overcoat and fur hood at Cheltenham Races.

The marriage of LORD SEMPILL to MISS CECILIA DUNBAR-KILBURN, elder daughter of Mr. B. E. Dunbar-Kilburn, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. Our group shows COUNT McCORMACK, the bride and groom, and the MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP GODFREY, Apostolic Delegate to G.B.

MISS JEAN COMBE, voluntary helper at the British Columbia Services Club, is wearing the badges given to her by men of the fighting services. Her collection exceeds a hundred!

WEDDINGS, AN ENGAGEMENT, AND WORK AND PLAY PICTURES.

MISS ELIZABETH WHEATLEY, *the* HON. ESMEE HARMSWORTH, *and* MISS BLEW-JONES *attended the first reception in connection with Queen Charlotte's Birthday dinner-dance, fixed for March 8.*

MR. R. C. PALMER, *Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Hon. Cecil Palmer, married* MISS VICTORIA E. WESTON-STEVENS, *daughter of Captain E. Weston-Stevens, at the Guards' Chapel.*

MISS ANGELA LLOYD-THOMAS *and* MISS RACHEL BURY *were two of the 1941 débutantes who attended the first reception in connection with Queen Charlotte's dinner-dance.*

After the wedding of AIRCRAFTWOMAN GREENWOOD *and* AIRCRAFTMAN PHILIP GARNER, R.A.F., *at St. Giles', Ickenham, the W.A.A.F. band played the wedding march.*

SERGEANT F. MASTERS, *said to be the tallest sergeant in his regiment, married* MISS M. E. TASKER, *daughter of R.S.M. Tasker, R.A.*

CAPTAIN D. PIERCY *married* MISS BARBARA HARDY *in London last week. The bride, who wore a dress of moiré silk, carried a lovely carnation bouquet.*

The engagement of SIR MARTYN BECKETT, BT., *Welsh Guards, to the* HON. PRISCILLA BRETT, *youngest daughter of Viscount Esher, has been announced.*

WARTIME EXTREMITY!

These sketches illustrate WARTIME FASHIONS *as seen at the recent* CHELTENHAM MEETING, *which was attended by a fair crowd of spectators, who saw some good racing. It must be admitted that the foot fashions illustrated might well be referred to as wartime extremity styles, for they include high boots, thick shoes, gum-boots and "clodhoppers" worn with hand-knitted socks designed more to insure comfort than to irradiate chic.*

DRAWN BY S. H. LEIGH.

CREATOR OF THE IMMORTAL KIPPS.

H. G. WELLS, *seventy-five-year-old author, has had an amazingly prolific literary career and is still going strong. Since his first books, "Select Conversations With an Uncle," "The Time Machine," "The Stolen Bacillus and Other Stories," were published in 1895, he has put forth a steady stream of stimulating and controversial writings, many of them containing striking prophecies which have, in due course, been at least partially fulfilled, such as "The Shape of Things to Come." His "Outline of History" is one of his most remarkable works, but by many people he is first and foremost remembered with gratitude as the author of "Kipps," published in 1905. This immortal work is an imaginative, sensitive and humorous story of a simple, lower-middle-class Englishman, of the kind whom we have now learnt to call "The Little Man." Its appearance as a screen play will be welcomed by all. This is Mr. Wells's latest portrait, taken since his return from his much-discussed lecture tour.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

THE EDWARDIAN AGE EVOKED BY THE IMMORTAL "KIPPS": WELLS' "LITTLE MAN" SAGA SCREENED WITH MICHAEL REDGRAVE.

"It must be nice 'aving everything you want": Ann (PHYLLIS CALVERT) hears that Kipps (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) has come into money.

A honeymoon in Edwardian L... and Ann (PHYLLIS CALV...

Domestic happiness better than adventures in society: MICHAEL REDGRAVE and PHYLLIS CALVERT as the contented Mr. and Mrs. Kipps.

An "Anagram" party evoked! Kipps meets the skittish girl (IRENE HANDL) with an intriguing word on her anagram label.

Left: Helen Walsingham (DIANA WYNYARD) and the shop assistant Kipps (MICHAEL REDGRAVE), who has now become a rich man.

: Kipps (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) visit the Crystal Palace.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE plays the title-rôle in 20th Century-Fox's screen version of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," directed by Carol Reed at Shepherd's Bush. The story introduces Kipps and his sweetheart Ann as children. Kipps goes away to become a shop assistant at Folkestone, acquires a leaning for culture, falls in love with the society girl who teaches him wood-carving, and loses his job through having a rowdy night with an actor. He comes into money, and thinks he will marry his society beauty, but is saved from this disaster by the reappearance of his childhood's sweetheart, Ann. He and she "get into Edwardian society," but lose their money—with the exception of some "bread cast upon the waters," which returns as royalties on a highly successful play; and finally discover that simple domestic bliss is more their "cup of tea" than parties, culture, or climbing. The Edwardian setting is charming.

DIANA WYNYARD as *Helen Walsingham, the beautiful society girl to whom Kipps, the shop assistant, loses his heart.*

Bread cast upon the waters: Chitterlow (ARTHUR RISCOE) *tells the ruined Kipps that the play financed by him has made a big hit.*

Ann Kipps (PHYLLIS CALVERT) *says "Not at home" to the Vicar's wife, rather than admit that she is doing her own housework.*

Right: Kipps realises that Ann, the parlourmaid, is the love of his life, and that he does not want to marry the smart Helen.

THE WRENS STAGE THEIR FIRST SENIOR SERVICE IN

THIRD OFFICER CLARK, W.R.N.S., *rehearsing the ballet. (L. to r.)* WRENS LORNA CLEMOW, ALISON EGERTON, *and* GILL ROUND-TURNER.

Left: Prince Charming (WREN PATIENCE RENTOUL) *and Cinderella* (WREN JEAN ANDREWS).

In the wings before the performance of "PANTOMANIA" *: final touches of make-up.*

Running repairs! A Wren puts a stitch in the costume of Dandini (LEADING WREN ROSEMARY CLARK), *before rehearsal.*

The Fairy Godmother (PETTY OFFICER WREN HUGHES) *drilling her squad, which includes members of the "Pantomania" cast.*

The first WRENS' PANTOMIME was recently staged by the dramatic society of a Women's Royal Naval Service unit on the South Coast. The producers had the ingenious notion of presenting an entertainment in which a variety of the most popular pantomime-stories were mixed up, and calling it "PANTOMANIA." Thus such fairy-tale celebrities as Prince Charming, Cinderella, Dandini, Dick Whittington, Aladdin, Princess Badroulbadour, the Widow Twankey,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

PANTO. PRODUCTION: WOMEN OF THE "PANTOMANIA," AND ON PARADE.

Prince Charming (WREN PATIENCE RENTOUL), *who was formerly on the stage, is a driver, in charge of the Captain Superintendent's car.*

Left: Alice (WREN PEGGY DENTON) *has the sash of her apron tied by a handy-man! She was formerly a teacher of ballet dancing.*

Princess Badroulbadour (THIRD OFFICER PALMER, W.R.N.S.) *and Aladdin* (WREN LORNA CLEMOW) *receive assistance from* STAGE-MANAGER LIEUT. E. R. PATRICK, R.N.V.R.

Cinderella (WREN JEAN ANDREWS) *gets a helping hand from Prince Charming* (WREN PATIENCE RENTOUL).

Wishy-Washy and Tiger Lily were all featured. The cast was made up of members of the W.R.N.S., and male parts were taken by men of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, and the "Wavy Navy" (the R.N.V.R.). Third Officer Clark, W.R.N.S., wife of Commander Clark, R.N., acted as producer, and her daughter, Leading Wren Rosemary Clark, played Dandini. The fathers of Wrens Egerton and Round-Turner are Admirals.

PICTORIAL PRESS

"NO, NO, NANETTE" AS A SCREEN PLAY, WITH ANNA NEAGLE.

ANNA NEAGLE *and* VICTOR MATURE *in the "Tea for Two" sequence of "No, No, Nanette."*

A slight food shortage! ROLAND YOUNG, ZASU PITTS *and* HELEN BRODERICK *in an amusing scene.*

Left: ANNA NEAGLE *in the title-rôle of RKO Radio's version of the original smash-hit Broadway musical.*

ANNA NEAGLE *and* RICHARD CARLSON *are giving a romantic duet, with* VICTOR MATURE *as the unhappy audience.*

"NO, NO, NANETTE," the musical play by Frank Mandel, Otto Harbach and Irving Cæsar, founded on "His Lady Friends," was a smash-hit on Broadway, and equally successful on the London stage, at the Palace Theatre, in 1925, with Binnie Hale in the title-rôle. It was seen next year at the London Hippodrome. It has now been transferred to the screen by RKO Radio, with Anna Neagle starring in the name-part, and is due at the New Gallery in a short time.

ROLAND YOUNG, ANNA NEAGLE *and* EVE ARDEN *in a dramatic moment of the comedy.*

ZASU PITTS, *complete with hair-curlers, and* ROLAND YOUNG *a little under the weather.*

P.T.O. FOR GLAMOUR.

GLAMOUR—1941.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE reaction of most English people to the collapse of France in face of the German invasion was one of stupefaction and bewilderment. Afterwards that reaction changed, in some cases to indignation, in others to sympathy, or sorrow; but the majority of us are still puzzled and eager for enlightenment. No sensible person wishes to accumulate more enemies than he need—which is the most practical, if not the most Christian reason for wishing to understand the difficulties of France. Mr. Rupert Downing touched on some of them in his breath-taking "travelogue," "If I

During his self-imposed flying tour over here, MR. WENDELL WILLKIE *was received in audience by* THE KING *at Buckingham Palace. He had tea with their Majesties. The following day he left London early on the first stage of his journey back to America.*

Laugh." Now comes M. Maurois' more considered and specific contribution to our understanding of the problem.

For many years M. Maurois has been known as a friend of England. He has interpreted our literature to his countrymen and illuminated it to us. Byron, Shelley, and Dickens were exceptional men, their work an international as well as an English heritage; but Colonel Bramble was a plain Englishman, created by M. Maurois out of affection for our country and, no doubt, in the hope of making his country understand us better. There is no Colonel Bramble in his latest book, "Why France Fell," but we find the same spirit of conciliation and good will, and everyone possessed of that spirit should read it, however fixed his preconceived ideas.

The DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *attended a memorial service for the late Greek President of the Council, General J. Metaxas. They are seen here leaving the Greek Cathedral in London after the service.*

How It Happened. "Why France Fell" is a short book, and its scope is perhaps best indicated by a list of the headings of its six chapters: "Why France and England Were Ill-prepared for War"; "Why the First Eight Months of War Were Wasted"; "How the Clash of Personalities Impeded the Conduct of the War"; "Why the German Offensive Was So Quickly Successful"; "How France and England Were Separated"; and "What Happened to France."

A personal friend of many of the leading statesmen in both countries (the book opens with the record of a conversation with Mr. Winston Churchill in 1935), M. Maurois is in an excellent position to answer these pregnant Why's and How's, and that last prodigious What. And not only was he unusually well informed about activities behind the scenes, but as a liaison officer between the French and English Armies he was familiar with the scenes themselves; too familiar for his peace of mind. In a book nearly every paragraph of which contains some fact to be noted or opinion to be weighed, the question of what not to quote severely taxes the reviewer's discrimination. There are a score of reasons, political, social and personal, why France gave way before the German menace. Here are some of the most important. The "war was lost," M. Maurois says, "at the very moment it was begun."

It was lost because we did not have enough aeroplanes, or enough tanks, or enough anti-aircraft guns, and because we did not have enough factories to build what we lacked. It was lost because our Ally had only a tiny army, and did not possess the means of expansion which would have permitted her to take quick advantage of her immense reserves of men and riches.

The British Divisions. As a pendant to this, I will quote a statement made to the author by no less an authority than M. Corbin, when the former expressed surprise that, "in the tenth month of the war," the English should have "no army."

"Yes," he replied, "but we must be fair. They have kept to the letter the agreements they made. The dates were fixed for the formation of the British Divisions; these dates have been met. The fault, our fault, was not to have demanded of our Allies as many divisions as in 1914, but it is a fact that we did not ask them for anything of the sort. The myth about the power of defence and about fortified lines blinded our General Staff and our Ministers."

It is a comfort to know this.

To the rather painful question asked him by an Englishman: "I imagine England had been unpopular in France for a long time?" M. Maurois answered—

"It 's not as simple as that. The curve of English unpopularity in our country has had abrupt variations. England was extremely

The DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, *seen with her brother, the* DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, *visited "Caledonia," the London club which has been opened for the use of Scottish members of the Services. The club, in Grosvenor Place, is housed in the London home of the Duke of Buccleuch, which was the residence of the Duchess before her marriage.*

unpopular at the time of the Sanctions. Many Frenchmen, particularly in the army, favoured courting the friendship of Italy. The latter gave them very little encouragement, but after a long period of Franco-Italian quarrels, the Accord of Stresa allowed them the hope that henceforth England, Italy and France would maintain the peace of Europe. . . ."

Tears shed over spilt milk are proverbially useless; M. Maurois' book will bring these in plenty to the eyes of the susceptible reader. But it will perhaps also bring others, with greater promise of fertility in them; tears for a temporary breach between two great countries which closer co-operation and a greater effort for understanding on both sides might have averted. Loyal Frenchman though he is, M. Maurois finds his own country the more at fault.

China Under Western Eyes. Mrs. Pearl Buck's China is not the China of Chinese art or of Chinese philosophy; it is the China of the rice-fields and the rivers and the towns and of the human beings who swarm there; the China of the multitude, not the China of the few. Her vision of China is one that impresses us by what we feel to be its verisimilitude; it takes in all those qualities of the Chinese which have enabled them

[Continued overleaf.

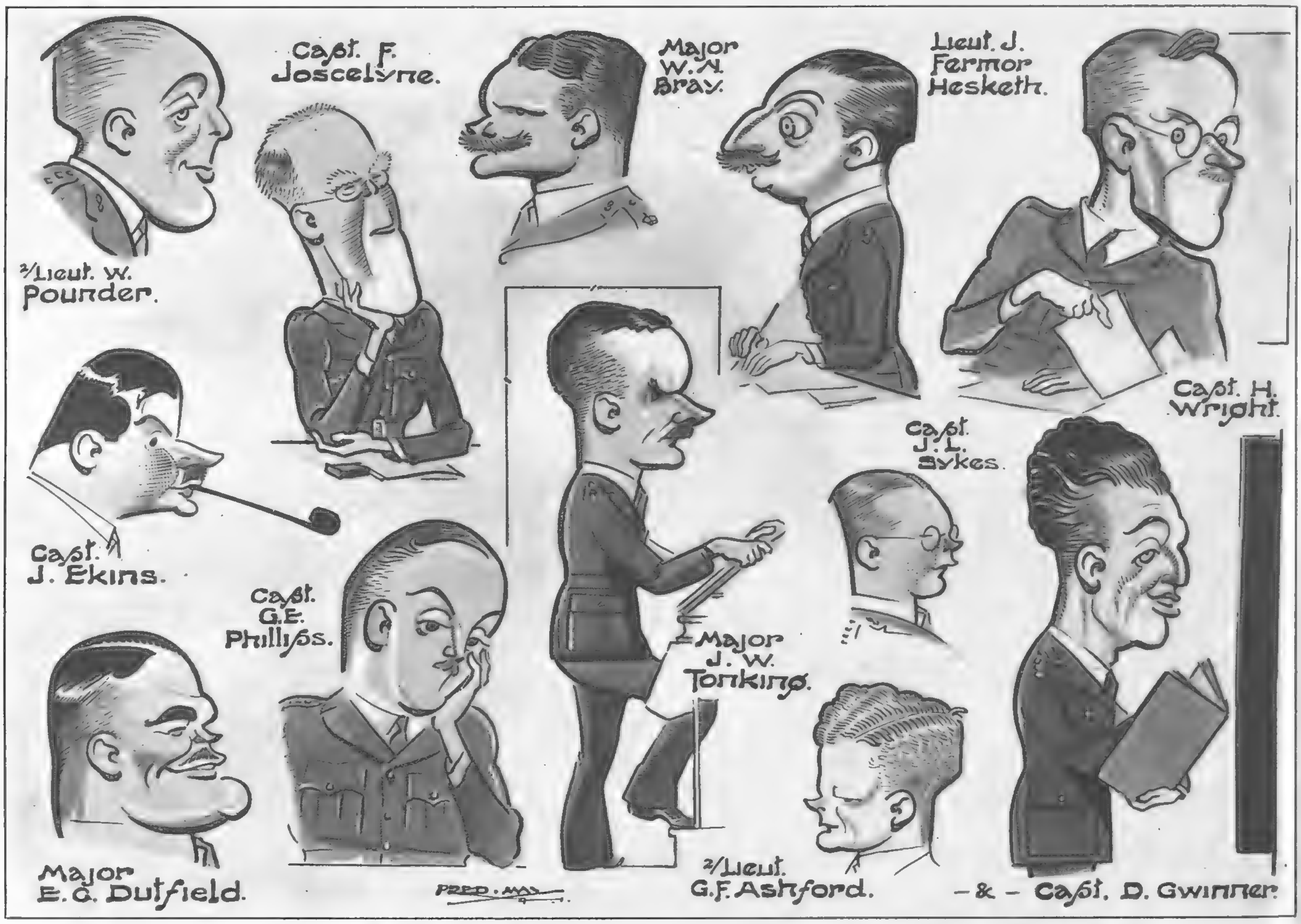
Continued.]

to maintain a stable and homogeneous civilisation, and to remain themselves, longer than any other nation in the world. The ability to survive is a spiritual as well as a biological faculty, and Mrs. Buck has a great deal of spiritual insight. The question: "What do men live by?" is one that is always before her, and she can answer it, if not directly, at any rate by implication, as well as any novelist can. She has, besides, a strong vein of moral earnestness, the missionary's earnestness, but with the difference that her beliefs seem to be only vaguely determined by a creed. The texture of her mind is shot with a strain of American uplift; she would like to bring to the Chinese the advantages in education, medicine, sanitation, and social freedom that are enjoyed in the West. There is nothing narrow about her moral earnestness, but it is slightly anti-æsthetic; what we miss in her pictures of China is the quality we find on a Chinese vase, the fineness, the elegance, the sense of life crystallised in art.

Education of a Wife. A few of the stories in "To-day and Forever" are concerned with the country before the Japanese invasion; for the most part they show the impact on the Chinese mind of Western culture and ideas. In "The Lesson," a charming story, a missionary and his wife consider with misgiving fondness for dance-halls. One observes in most of these stories, what I had not observed in Mrs. Buck's work before, an increasing tendency to wonder whether, taking them all round, the gifts of Western civilisation to China are a blessing or a curse.

The war stories are full of exciting and what seem (until one learns that several of them are founded on fact) improbable incidents; women passing themselves off as men, and so on. Mrs. Buck takes the cause of Chinese nationalism very much to heart, and one has every respect for that; but in doing so she slightly loses her sense of proportion—at least some of her characters do. "What does it matter how they smell if they're your own people?" exclaims a Chinese woman, brought up in deodorised America, who has suddenly decided to return to her own country.

An Unlikely Episode. The question of probability is beset with snares for the critic. Perhaps, like Mrs. Buck's most unlikely-seeming stories, "Delilah Upside Down" is based on an incident that actually occurred: to me, what happens in Mr. Bruce Marshall's clever—too clever—story seems very improbable, and what is *said*, more improbable still. Captain Hallam, a soldier in the last war, a schoolmaster in the interval, a soldier again in this, is the irritating type of intellectual, who has never



Finding himself in an instructional unit where the "Ack-Ack" men, or ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS, *were taking a refresher course, our artist made these drawings of some of the men on whom we rely to bring down those nuisance raiders.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

the approaching marriage of one of their most backward converts. They feel they have been able to teach her nothing, and she will be a backslider. On the wedding night, the bridegroom asks Ru-lan what she has learnt at the mission school. She cannot tell him coherently and in detail, but she manages to convey to him that the missionary and his wife, over-demonstrative with each other according to Chinese ideas, were, perhaps for that reason, very fond of each other. Years later the missionaries call on their backward protégée, to find several children and, alas, some idols. But they noticed one thing: her husband seemed to like her. "I don't know why exactly," says the missionary. "She certainly doesn't remember anything we ever taught her!"

"The Angel" shows the same idea, differently worked out. "Mr. Binney's Afternoon" is a lesson to the censorious, and displays the breadth of the author's sympathies. "The Dance" is an amusing, if not very subtle account of an older woman's successful attempt to wean her husband from his unsuitable and undignified

quite assimilated his own culture, and keeps regurgitating it in the most unsuitable situations: *e.g.*, when making love to the French bishop's eighteen-year-old niece, a girl who, without being less irritating than Hallam, had the excuse of youth for parading the extent of her reading. The action of the story takes place in France before the French collapse; some of Hallam's brother-officers, less clever than he, suspect the bishop, his chaplain, the German governess, and Delilah herself, of activities prejudicial to the cause of the Allies. Otherwise, how explain the disappearance of one of the twenty-four cases of high explosive? Hallam ponders this question and, partly out of regard for the Church, partly because infatuated by Delilah, ponders too long. . . . It is an exciting story.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Why France Fell. By André Maurois. (*The Bodley Head; 5s.*)
To-day and Forever. By Pearl Buck. (*Macmillan; 8s. 6d.*)
Delilah Upside Down. By Bruce Marshall. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

The fourth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT is published in this issue of "THE SKETCH."

DANCING THE "DIG IT": ASTAIRE AND PAULETTE.

It must be heaven to partner lightfooted FRED ASTAIRE, *genius of quick-tap.* PAULETTE GODDARD *obviously enjoys co-starring in his latest Paramount picture, "Second Chorus," introducing Hollywood's slick new dance craze, the "Dig It." You will see the film in London soon.*

The "Dig It" has thirteen steps, each more exhilarating than the last.

When you've mastered them, they flow rhythmically, we're told, like this picture.

Paulette's "skating" skirt swings well in the dance, but you can wear battle-dress or anything else you like.

It's as infectious as the "Lambeth Walk." From Conn. to Fla., all America is dancing the "Dig It."

The stars add a hundred twirls and improvisations of their own. It is marvellous exercise for cold weather.

AIR-RAID SHELTERERS. No. 3.—MR. & MRS. BLINKBONNY.*

By WINIFRED DUKE. *Author of "The Laird," "Out of the North," etc.*

NEVER, the family declared, with upraised hands, shrugged shoulders and mouths stretched in grins denoting amusement, philosophical resignation or a degree of acute disgust, could they have believed that Pa and Ma would celebrate their golden wedding in a shelter.

There was nothing the matter with the shelter. It was damp-proof, adequately ventilated, tolerably comfortable, but it had to be admitted that it was a shelter and nothing else. You could not feel particularly festive in a shelter, and when might you feel festive if not at your golden wedding? The family had planned the celebrations in connection with this event long ahead, and now it seemed as though the whole thing would fall flat.

Ought they to have any festivities? The matter was discussed and debated out of the hearing of Pa and Ma, who were not supposed to know anything about it. Art, the eldest son, was all for putting off the fun till peace came. How, he demanded, was a chap—and being the eldest, he supposed it 'd fall to him to make a blinkin' speech—to keep his mind on the business in hand and pay Pa and Ma all the compliments the occasion demanded, with bombs dropping and guns going off and the sirens giving tongue the whole blessed evening? Connie, his wife, was inclined to agree with him. No use doing the thing unless they did it properly, was there? She 'd always intended to bake the cake herself, iced and all that, with fifty candles, and where was she to get the stuff for icing, let alone the eggs and butter and sugar? While, as for fifty candles—she 'd like to see Mr. Dobson's face, him being an air-raid warden as well as their grocer, if she asked for anything like the number. No; Art was right. Much better wait till we 'd shown Hitler where he got off, and then have a proper, slap-up do. Might be sooner than they all thought.

Perce, the second son, objected strongly. All very well for them, but Pa and Ma weren't getting any younger, and these days you never knew who 'd be the next. They 'd feel a bit sick if one or other was gone and they hadn't had a proper golden wedding. He didn't hold with entertaining in wartime, but this was a special occasion. What was the matter with the shelter? It would be quite easy to get everything ready beforehand—he 'd stand the drink himself—and bring the old birds down and give them the surprise of their lives. Ma was a bit jumpy during a raid and the fun and jollification would keep her mind off what was going on outside.

Gladys, Perce's wife, didn't take his point of view. Wasn't it like a man? she demanded. Half the fun of the golden wedding would be to have as many of the family—children and grandchildren—as possible present, and how were they to do that with a war on? Here was Jack a mechanic in the Air Force, and Geoff at sea, and Bobby, the apple of his Granny's eye, in hospital since Dunkirk, and Harry and Peter both mine-sweeping, and Alice evacuated to the country with her brats, and Rosemary in the A.T.S.; and Dorothy going to have a baby, and herself and Perce bombed out of their house last week and stopping with her cousins till they 'd time to turn round. She 'd no fancy for coming all the way from Ealing, even for a golden wedding, specially in a shelter. What did May and Bertha think?

May, the elder daughter, who was married to a brewer and considered to have done uncommonly well for herself, thought that Pa and Ma should be consulted. After all, it was their golden wedding, wasn't it? If they liked to have a bit of a splash, the family would rally round, but on the other hand Ma never seemed keen on that particular anniversary. She never talked about her wedding or displayed her wedding-dress, and there wasn't even a photo. of her and Pa on the day itself, and when Bertha alluded to the forthcoming date she only said: "Fancy! Fifty years. It 's a long time," and didn't appear even interested. Perhaps she disliked to be reminded that she was getting old, though none of them were chickens, if it came to that. Here was Art forty-eight, and she herself two years younger, and Perce forty-five, and Bertha forty-three. Pa and Ma would be great-grandparents when Dorothy's affair came off. Of course, she was only a kid, poor little thing, married at eighteen, a war wedding, and Perce and Gladys ought to have had more sense than to allow it.

Oh, ought they? Thus Gladys, arms akimbo, chin tilted, the light of battle in her eye. Some folks who 'd had nothing but boys thought themselves in a position to give advice to people who 'd brought up as pretty a daughter as you 'd wish to see, and her making a good match, with Tim getting his commission and that popular with his regiment, and what was the sense in waiting in wartime? All square and above-board it had been, with no reason for getting married in a hurry—not like people she could name, who were so afraid the man 'd slip through their fingers that they 'd the date fixed before he 'd time to buy the engagement-ring. If talk of that kind was going round, she 'd think twice about coming to any golden wedding fuss and nonsense. Perce was at her to join Dorothy, and though she didn't want to hurt Pa's and Ma's feelings, it might be the best thing if she wasn't there. May and George could run the entire show themselves.

Bertha, a stout widow, interposed. "Now, now—what 's the good of scrapping? I 'm sure May didn't mean anything, and if you stopped away, Gladys, it 'd spoil the whole thing. You know Dorothy 's her Grandpa's favourite, and Ma and he always say how lucky Perce is to get such a good wife. I think we 'd best have a quiet party—as many of us as can be there—and drink the parents' health, and if we all give some of our butter and sugar ration we can manage a cake. After all, it 's just for one night."

The family were inclined to approve of Bertha's point of view. Her only child, Jack, the one in the Air Force, might get leave, or he could have his memory jogged in good time and send a telegram. The other grandchildren had agreed to club together and give a present—old-gold cushions for the shelter would be a slap-up idea and emphasise that this was a golden wedding—and if Pa and Ma had their two sons and both daughters with them they 'd be quite happy. Reggie, the youngest son, was killed in the last war, and his widow had married again. They 'd better not mention him or it would upset Ma. With any luck Jerry might stop away, or if he didn't, in the shelter they 'd be perfectly safe.

The days slipped past, the family working feverishly at preparations. Pa and Ma had to be kept in the dark as much as possible, and with the shelter in requisition practically every night they were obliged to pretend an elaborate indifference and lack of curiosity towards bulky and mysterious parcels stacked in corners. On the morning of the auspicious date the happy couple were ceremoniously invited to a party to be held in the shelter at 8 p.m., refreshments, R.S.V.P. The card had been designed by Perce, who had artistic leanings, and all his relations, on being allowed a private view beforehand, pronounced it uncommonly classy. The border was orange blossoms, with a chaste design in the centre of two intertwined hearts, festooned by wedding-bells and chaperoned by a stout Cupid. Pa's name and Ma's were printed underneath, and the two dates. Below this again came a sentiment expressing best wishes and congratulations from all the family, and Perce suggested that they should write their signatures on the back of the card. Pa and Ma would probably like to have it framed as a memento of the anniversary.

There was only one "Alert" early in the afternoon, and by eight o'clock the Blinkbonnys were safely in their shelter. The cake stood unveiled, flanked by a bottle of real champagne, the gift of Perce, and for those who preferred them there were tea, coffee and beer. George, May's husband, was unfortunately unable to be present as he was on duty with the Home Guard, but he had sent a large veal-and-ham pie to represent him. Gladys, whose ruffled feelings had subsided sufficiently to allow her to come with Perce, was further smoothed down by an invitation to preside at

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

ORNAMENTAL FIGURES OF THE "ONCE A CROOK" FILM.

Left: At Shepherd's Bush Studios CARLA LEHMANN, *beautiful and blonde Canadian, is making her way along the road to stardom. She has a leading rôle in Twentieth Century's "Once a Crook" film, and will play in the forthcoming Fifth Column drama, "Cottage to Let." The daughter of a Canadian surgeon, she came to London to study at the R.A.D.A., joined the Croydon Repertory, and arrived in the West End in Priestley's "People at Sea." She has a very large fan mail.*

Below: DIANA KING *is another lovely colleague of Sydney Howard and Gordon Harker in "Once a Crook." She is a Channel Islander, from Guernsey, and when she was obliged to leave that sea-girt spot, she hid the family silver under a tree. Diana came to the "pictures" via repertory in Bradford. She acted in the stage play "Little Ladyship" and was in the film "Spellbound." Just before her screen test she was acting as interpreter to refugees at a London station.*

Continued.]
the coffee-pot. "Yes, you must, Glad. May 's got plenty to do seeing that everybody 's getting enough to eat, and Bertha doesn't fancy pouring out with that stiff wrist of hers, and Connie 's going to cut the cake, and the champagne 's just for drinking healths, so we 'll leave Perce to open it, and though beer 's a bit low, I expect Pa and Art 'll fancy a drop. Mercy! Who 's this? *Rosemary!* Of all the luck you 're turning up! And the others have all sent wires, and there was a telephone message from Jack first thing this morning, and Dorothy sent ever such a funny telegram. I wonder what the girl in the post office made of it. Ma 'll show it to you. Here they come."

Pa and Ma entered, arm-in-arm. What a pity they couldn't be photographed, for they looked just sweet. The family hugged Ma and the women kissed Pa, and then they sat side by side, and Rosemary, as the only grandchild present, brought up the parcels. It wasn't easy in wartime to get what everyone would have liked to give the old people, but her daughters and daughters-in-law had chosen Ma a tea-set, daffodil yellow, and her sons and son-in-law a wadded dressing-gown, bright yellow—to carry out the idea of a golden wedding, you know. Pa had a case of pipes and a pair of yellow slippers, and the grandchildren presented both grandparents with a radio-gramophone. Art started it going by putting on "Darby and Joan," and Ma cried and Pa kept clearing his throat. After that, and because things didn't seem as bright as they might be, Perce suggested what about a spot of you-know-what, and there was a great bustle to open the champagne. They all drank Pa's and Ma's health, and wished them many happy returns of the day, and Art made a speech, saying he hoped the old dears would be spared to each other and their family for many years yet, and no sons and daughters ever had better parents, and by this time next year everybody trusted they 'd be keeping the anniversary in their own house and no shelters needed. The whole family applauded, and Ma kissed Art and started crying some more, and Gladys said Perce had written a poem on a golden wedding and was going to read it.

They all said "Hear, hear!" and Perce took out a paper and began. It was a very long poem, and Pa and Ma seemed to find it a bit difficult to follow, but Rosemary, who had been top in literature at school, explained that it was the modern style. Ma replied that she was sure it sounded a very nice piece of poetry and very clever of Perce to make it all up out of his own head, but she always thought poetry had to rhyme. Gladys chimed in that this did rhyme, only real poets nowadays had lines of different lengths, and Perce was just following what was called the modern tradition. Pa said he didn't hold with things being too modern, like all these dreadful ways of killing people, and the style young folks dressed in. Rosemary considered that this was meant for her, and turned very red, and said if Grandpa had to live in uniform like she did he 'd be glad of a change to something civilised and comfortable, and when she 'd put on her glad rags on purpose for the occasion it was a bit thick to have them criticised as if she didn't look respectable. Ma said, "Now, Rosemary, dear," and Connie, Rosemary's mother, told her to behave, and Perce muttered that Dorothy never sauced her elders like that, and Bertha suggested that a drop of something hot was what they all wanted, and she was longing to try Connie's cake. Had everybody noticed the design on top? "I don't know how you managed it, Connie, really I don't. It seems a shame to cut it. Gladys, I 'll have a small cup of coffee, please, and what for you, Ma, darling? Tea? Nothing like tea, is there?"

Thanks to pooling their rations, there was plenty. Art said he didn't know what Lord Woolton would say about the tea, but he and Connie had done with cocoa for a month to be able to give their tea ration for to-night's do, and he thought he could fancy a cup. Perce put on another gramophone record, "John Anderson, My Jo John," and everybody considered it highly appropriate, if the Scotch *was* a bit difficult to make out. Connie's cake was a great success, and she just laughed when Pa produced a bottle of digestive tablets and said he wasn't sure but they 'd all be wise to take one. Everybody was eating and drinking and Bertha said something about the wedding. What did Ma wear?

"It 's too long ago. I can't remember, dear."

"And Pa? A topper and a frock-coat, I expect."

Pa mumbled that he couldn't remember either.

"Who married you, Ma? Was he nice?"

Ma had forgotten. The Rev. Syme was pastor of the chapel she went to with her parents. She began a long, rambling, irrelevant story about him, and how he had married a widow with a lot of money, and the congregation never liked her. It was not very interesting, and Rosemary yawned and fidgeted and scowled at Perce when he signalled to her to behave better. Ma seemed to be coming to a full-stop at last, but just then the sirens began.

"Bother!" grumbled Perce.

"Might have kept off to-night, at least."

"You 're quite safe, you know, Ma."

"Bet there weren't bombs dropping fifty years ago. It 's a rum world."

"Anyway, we 've had half of our party in peace. Connie, I 'll just try a spot more cake, thank you."

"Beer, Pa? Oh, yes, come on!"

The fun seemed to have gone out of the evening. Rosemary kept looking at her wrist-watch and muttering that, Jerry or no Jerry, she 'd have to get back to her billet by half-past ten. Gladys and Connie started an argument about the price of potatoes, and Gladys didn't believe a word of it when Connie said she got hers for twopence less than Gladys paid. Perce openly wondered whether he should send his poem to some magazine, and appeared rather hurt when the suggestion was not instantly acclaimed and seconded. Bertha confessed to indigestion, and May considered this an insult levelled at George's veal-and-ham pie. Art had had more champagne, and beer on top of it, and found that the mixture produced a very peculiar sensation. The shelter didn't seem to stand still. He argued long and solemnly as to whether the motion was due to bombs. Yes, that must be it. Bombs.

"Oh, shut up, Uncle Art!" snapped Rosemary. "You haven't to face the beastly things like I have."

"Rosemary, you won't go till after the 'All Clear'?"

"Got to, Mum. On duty. No shirking."

It was queer, the lot of them there, hiding from death, and Rosemary, the youngest, such a child still, for all her lipstick and paint and silk stockings and bare neck and arms, the one to have to brave it. She grinned and shrugged her shoulders and picked up her coat and gas-mask and handbag and said it had been a tophole party, and Grandpa and Grandma must live to be centenarians and have another to celebrate the event. "Gracious! Dorothy's baby will be grown up, and I 'll probably be married, with a family of my own, and Dad and Mum and the aunts and uncles 'll be heading for the eighties. What a lark! Well, cheerio, everyone!"

She hugged her relations, ran to the door, signalled for the light to be put out, and vanished. Art put the light on again and went and squeezed Connie's hand, but she was crying openly and saying she 'd never see Rosemary again.

"Nonsense, old girl! She 'll be all right."

"Why 's Connie crying?" Ma asked mildly.

"Oh, she 's fussing over Rosemary. No good getting the wind up. I say, Ma, give us something to talk about that 's got nothing to do with this old war."

"That 's right. What did Pa say to you when you and he walked out of church together?"

Perce winked, the rest laughed. Ma said bewilderingly: "When?"

"After your wedding, of course."

"But I never had one, dear."

"You never had one! Get out! Of course you did. Isn't this your golden-wedding anniversary?"

"You all say it is." Ma's tone was mildly obstinate. "I 'm sure everything 's been kindly meant, but what 's the sense, I say, in having a golden wedding when you ain't never been married at all?"

[THE END.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This Periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

"Both Schweppes, sir"

WOMEN IN WARTIME

COATS INTO LINE

WOOL

FOR DAY AND EVENING

EVENING coats are no longer simply attractive accessories; they must be warm and practical, designed for country houses and even for air-raid shelters. Paquin, of London, has the ingenious idea of using honeycomb blanket fabric, a favourite bed-covering in Wales, for the knee-length coat below. This is made up in pale blue, with the reverse side pink, charming over black or pastel colours. The material is quite as soft and light as it looks, and very easy to pack.

SLIM, straight and softly tailored, the coat above typifies this spring's simple fashions. It is in tweed, right for the country or for days in town, and cut with plenty of fullness in the skirt to balance the broad shoulder-line. This is a model from the "Nicoll Clothes" collection, so it makes little difference if you are no longer able to visit your usual shop, since these clothes are sold all over the country. If there is any difficulty, however, write to Middlesex House, Cleveland Street, W.1, for information. They will send full particulars of this and other models.

G.E.C.
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Wisdom—and patriotism—counsel that replacements in the home today should have enduring qualities. That is why, in the purchase of electrical necessities, wise buyers are choosing G.E.C. Quality Products.

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STOCKINGS

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"LEFT the light full on, I did! What do you think of that? And not one of the windows was blacked-out."

"In Berlin," said The Captain, "they would have shot you first and made enquiries afterwards. I 've been there. No: not since the war, thank heaven."

"How long were you in Berlin?" asked Our Stroller. "And were you an officer in those days?"

"I was. And I stayed long enough to make me think at the time that the Germans were the last word in efficient brutality. But that 's another story, if I may quote Kipling."

"Your quotations are probably more reliable than ours. Electric-lighting shares, did you say you held?"

"They came to me on the winding-up of a small Trust. I was given Lancashire Electric, County of London and Yorkshire Power."

"You certainly ought to keep the provincial electrics, anyway——"

"Why do you say that? I see by the papers that the prices are pretty high. Doesn't that mean I ought to sell while the going 's good?"

"That is a point which bothers quite a lot of people just now. You hold first-class shares in good companies, but the yields work out to something less than five per cent. on the money."

"That 's what I noticed, and it struck me that I could do better. Don't you think so?"

The broker rumpled his hair with both hands. His partner smoothed it flat again. "You look more professional like that," he explained parenthetically.

"After that beauty treatment——" The Captain observed.

"You see, it 's like this," said the broker. "People are very anxious to have Safety stocks and shares. They know that a good many companies are reducing the dividends——"

"And others are passing them; like ships in the night."

"Therefore, the chap says to himself that he would rather have the certainty of five per cent. than eight or ten per cent. that 's not so assured. You can see the idea, can't you?"

"How do you expect a man to live on five per cent. when the cost of living is constantly going up?"

"I can't expect him to, but he is so set upon safety, as I was just telling you, that he cuts down some of his little luxuries, and promises himself that it won't be for long."

"Wishful thinking, perhaps. Now, I wonder if you could take me into the House——"

"When are your Kaffir dividends paid? They 're usually out before this," a broker was saying. "I reckon to get mine about the end of January as a rule."

"We are at war, Sir, and so you will have to wait until February the thirteenth this year. Perhaps the cheques will arrive on the following day: sort of Valentine, you know."

"They talk of the tax being put up again, I see."

"That 's the way of the world just now. Hitler 's the chap you have to thank for that."

"And for a good many other things. I suppose you haven't got such a luxury about you as a shoe-lace; or a razor-blade; or a motor-car; or a banana-*cum*-onion?"

"I used to have a book in the lot, but they took all my stock, and I don't want to be a bear in such a market."

"How about a few razor-blades? N.T.P., eh?"

"Razor-blades aren't much use Not To Press, are they? No, Sir. I 'll talk to you in Kaffirs. Or even Rhodesians."

"Bad luck that some of those Rhodesian copper companies happen to have a poor E.P.D. standard, isn't it? Puts people off buying what should be really profitable mining shares."

"You 're right enough there. The companies ought to receive special consideration, but they will have hard work to get it, I bet, although they 're supposed to be entitled to concessions."

"Rhodesian copper shares are a lock-up. They will rise with a rush after the war. That 's the main attraction about most of them."

"There will be a boom in them, and in plenty of other things, after the war. Think of all the building and reconstruction we shall see by and by. New issues at bonus prices——"

"Money rates will go up quicker than houses. How are industrial concerns going to raise fresh capital at moderate rates when everyone will be clamouring for it at any price? I ask you!"

"Ask me, do you?" replied an elderly broker. "I can tell you."

"The Government has obtained complete control of the money market. That control the Government will make a point of keeping, you may be sure."

"I don't follow——"

"Listen, then. When we have won, the Government—not the public—will supply the capital to companies that do the reconstruction work, and charge them a moderate rate of interest on it."

"Where is the Government going to get the money?"

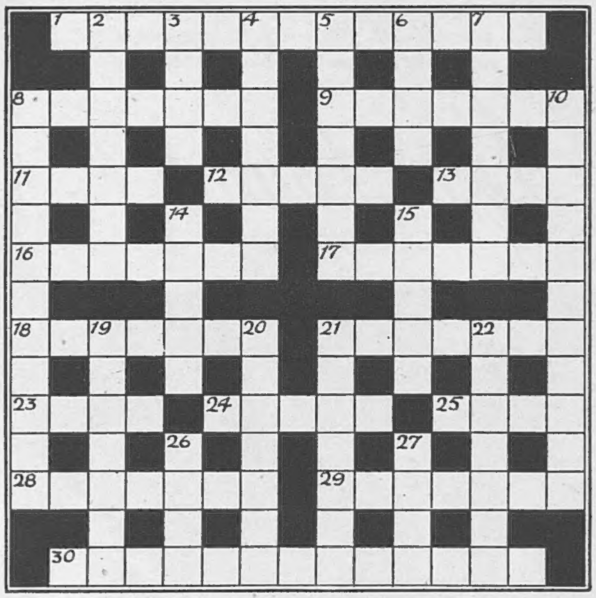
"By a national Victory Loan. With the money-market in their pocket, they will be able to keep down rates as easily then as they 're doing now. You will subscribe to the Loan, and the Government will lend your money—your money, mind you—at some reasonable rate to the industrial concerns: taking a turn out of it, of course——Excuse me."

The waiter handed him a priority wire. He laughed, and read it aloud: "'Want offer ordinary six good industrials you recommend thousand each write to-night.' Oh, blast!"

And, even as he spoke, the Stock Exchange klaxons bellowed in obedience.

Friday, Feb. 7, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



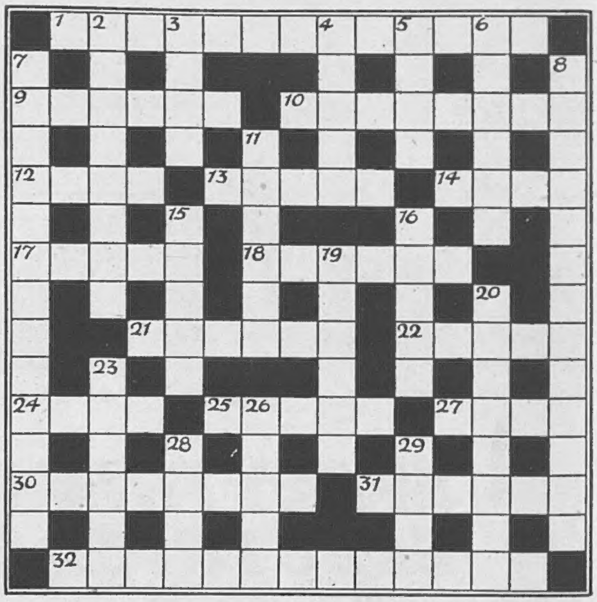
ACROSS.

1. Guide to travellers in the South and "North's courses" may be set for it (two words; 8 and 5).
8. As terriers are to rats, though "I see men" may be, also (7).
9. Great pain (7).
11. Football managers spend much time in this building (4).
12. Half this for a race mixture (5).
13. A considerable quantity of wood (4).
16. Pure (7).
17. The orchard owner would, no doubt, desire to put in some work with the foot when disturbing a lad in a tree (7).
18. Held on treasure trove and dead men's bones (7).
21. Drew up roughly (7).
23. A shining light in one across (4).
24. Miss Craig's Christian name (5).
25. Pike not borne by 10 (4).
28. Set in front of back and reverse (hyphen; 7).
29. Piles up (7).
30. Barrackers' haunts when under one (two words; 7 and 6).

DOWN.

2. Style of ball propulsion seen on No. 30 (7).
3. Here you may stumble on the excursion (4).
4. It 's certain in the end you have made sure here (7).
5. Most miserly, but often associated with the best beloved (7).
6. Change gear (4).
7. Send tip for the needy curate (7).
8. Zealots who may be "shut in seats" (11).
10. Old soldiers who, I 'm afraid, must all be dead by now (11).
14. Where the revolutions start (5).
15. Decoration (5).
19. Mercy, but not much (7).
20. Trick the French to flow slowly (7).
21. Fit fads for spinners, use of (7).
22. And this has you properly tied up (7).
26. That mineral again (4).
27. Tortuous paths just to bewilder you. There is a way out (4).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. These swiftly-moving troops are not the pillars of the air force (two words; 6, 7).
9. One not requiring a warming-pan, evidently (6).
10. The delight afforded by grasslands in unspoilt surroundings (8).
12. Timely fruit (4).
13. "Wedges of gold, great anchors, ———— of pearl, Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels" (Shakespeare) (5).
14. Unmetalled theorem (4).
17. Where assistance returns when you have got in (5).
18. An unguent from Neddy? (6).
21. The glib talk of a gentle stroker (6).
22. Not the most hardy of trees, though it has to exist on nothing (5).
24. A bird puts half a hundred on this river (4).
25. Improve (5).
27. Cooling votaries (4).
30. River case to curse (8).
31. Combatitive suit (6).
32. This might be launched by No. 1 or by ardent customers at the sales (two words; 7, 6).

DOWN.

2. Freedom measured by degrees (8).
3. This is in time for the newspaper (4).
4. A vessel's lowest deck (5).
5. One of the family embraced by you and me (4).
6. A mere cipher, may be, but it makes the gun hot (6).
7. Does this amount to eighty-four in a week? (three words; 3, 5, 5).
8. Unfortunately, these can also be contracted by children in the Allied countries (two words; 6, 7).
11. To abscond causes a stoppage round the front (6).
15. "Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn, And Pan to Moses lends his ———— horn" (Pope) (5).
16. The turf is a dowry divided by four (5).
19. "When ———— unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil" (Heber) (6).
20. Huge (8).
23. You and I travel on bone in this Lake Ontario port (6).
26. Encountered a soldier at length (5).
28. I took to my heels not far from No. 11 (4).
29. The fruit of the beech (4).

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXVI.

A NEAT *COUP* AT TRUMP PLAY.

HERE is another amusing play with trumps. This is rather an unusual situation, and although a simple and obvious *coup*, it is not always properly handled. I well remember one occasion where the play was made against me (I was sitting in the East position) because it was a sort of double-barrel affair—and for another reason as well. These were the cards:

SPADES—5, 4, 3.
HEARTS—3, 2.
CLUBS—K, Q, Kn, 10, 9.
DIAMONDS—K, 3, 2.

N

West		East
SPADES—Q. [6, 5.	W E	SPADES—9, 8, 7, 6.
HEARTS—A, 9, 8, 7,		HEARTS—Q, Kn.
CLUBS—5, 4, 3.		CLUBS—8, 7, 6, 2.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9.		DIAMONDS—A, Q, 8.

S

SPADES—A, K, Kn, 10, 2.
HEARTS—K, 10, 4.
CLUBS—A.
DIAMONDS—7, 6, 5, 4.

South was playing a four-spade contract. West led the ace and another heart, South winning the second round with the king. Three rounds of trumps were led out, followed by the ace of clubs. West discarded two of his hearts. Now from the fall of the cards the situation should be perfectly clear except as to the position of the all-important ace of diamonds. Dummy's king of diamonds had a 50 per cent. chance of winning, but if that chance failed South most certainly would lose three diamond tricks and be one down, so South very wisely shied at the chance, and besides, being a good player, he saw that he had contract for a certainty *no matter who held that ace of diamonds.* The actual lie of the cards at this point was:

CLUBS—K, Q, Kn, 10.
DIAMONDS—K, 3, 2.

N

West		East
HEARTS—9, 8.	W E	SPADES—9.
CLUBS—5, 4.		CLUBS—8, 7, 6.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9.		DIAMONDS—A Q, 8.

S

SPADES—10, 2.
HEARTS—10.
DIAMONDS—7, 6, 5, 4.

South proceeded to lead his ten of hearts. This gave me (East) something to think about. Why should I be allowed to make my losing trump? I knew South was not a player to miscount trumps, or to throw away any unnecessary tricks. Well, I saw through his play and chucked a small club, but it was no good: South just led his little two of trumps and I had to win, and that settled our business. We made the ace of diamonds, but that, with my nine of trumps and partner's ace of hearts, were all we could make. And that reminds me of the other reason I remember this hand—that original lead of the ace of hearts by my partner. It just lost the hand, as the original lead of any ace so continually does. An ace with no backing is about the worst opening lead you can make—believe me it is a big loser! Perhaps you will say, what can you lead? Not a small one, surely? Certainly not, but there are three other suits to lead, so the answer is, don't lead the suit at all. In this case West had an ideal—or nearly ideal—opening lead: the knave of diamonds, which, as it happens, saves the game with three diamonds and that ace of hearts. Actually South would be two down.

Come back to this hand again. Perhaps the most amusing thing about it is that, if you *improve* South's hand by giving him all five honours in spades, he cannot make contract. It shows what funny things trumps are, and how invaluable the little lowly two of a suit may be.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, FEBRUARY 5.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Cedilla. 7. Bigotry. 13. Harpoon. 14. Eritrea. 15. Ego. 16. Rotates. 17. Ink. 18. Aloud. 19. Topes. 20. Pep. 24. Beast. 26. Edition de luxe. 30. Owe. 31. Eel. 32. Arboriculture. 35. Sly. 37. Recalls. 43. M.P.s. 46. Tintara. 47. Eatable. 48. Ida. 49. Biplane. 50. Lac. 51. Cornice. 52. Serpent 53. Dud. 54. Nod.

DOWN.—1. Cheap. 2. Eagle. 3. Drooped 4. Lords. 5. Loo. 6. Ants. 7. Bets. 8. Ire 9. Gist. 10. Triplex. 11. Renew. 12. Yaks 21. Panacea. 22. Steel. 23. Niobe. 24. Bier 25. Zulus. 26. Era. 27. Two. 28. Let. 29. Eve. 33. Reynard. 34. Rumbled. 35. Stick. 36. Lido 37. Rabid. 38. Eric. 39. Caper. 40. Lease. 41. Lane. 42. Stern. 44. Plan. 45. Sects.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Albert. 4. Scow. 7. Aviation. 8. Amende. 10. Achieves. 13. Dobell. 14. Nodules. 15. Meteor. 18. Scatter. 19. Alaska. 20. Indiana. 25. Potato. 26. Nostrils. 27. Enroll. 28. Steadier. 29. List. 30. Scanty.

DOWN.—1. Alight. 2. Batten. 3. Rooted. 5. Composer. 6. Wanderer. 7. Adam. 9. Ellore. 11. Volcano. 12. Sustain. 13. Demeans. 16. Sample. 17. Pastoral. 18. Skittles. 21. Aortic. 22. Attain. 23. Vilify. 24. Yser.

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